

December, 1935

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# The Liguorian

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

The entire December Liguorian, every page and line and word of it, expresses a Merry Christmas to all our readers. The wish is born not only of the custom of the season, nor of the lips or the pen alone, but from the hearts of us who throughout the year are wishing and working for the happiness, peace and spiritual joy of those whom, by the bond that unites writers and readers, we boldly call our friends.

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Catholics are warned to be on their guard against paying subscriptions for Catholic publications to unauthorized solicitors. Dishonest and fraudulent agents are increasing in numbers. They pretend to represent one or many Catholic magazines; often they have a smooth story to tell of acquaintance with priests, of the needs of the magazines and religious orders, and even of promises of spiritual favors for subscriptions. They pocket the money they receive and move on. If there is any doubt at all as to the credentials of a soliciting agent, the pastor of the parish should at once be called and asked whether he can vouch for the agent.

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# THE LIGUORIAN



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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1935

No. 12

## CHRISTMAS BELL

Peal out, sweet bells, your praises ring  
To hail the birth of Christ our King;  
Spread with your music far and wide  
A Happy, Holy Christmastide.

For He was born on Bethlehem's height,  
God's gift to men on Christmas night.  
Sing Our Sweet Mother and Her Child  
That lay upon Her breast and smiled.

Ring forth the vibrant chord of peace,  
Fair portent of a glad release  
For willing hearts from sin's alloy,  
In never ending Christmas joy.

Pour forth your chimes the breeze along  
In ceaseless melody of song;  
Bear out your message far and wide;  
Lo! Christ was born at Christmastide!

— Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### THE ELDER BROTHER

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Hurrying home for Christmas! Hurrying as fast as the "Progress Limited" could carry them. Were it not for an occasional glance at the time-table and a rapid calculation of time and distance, the passengers in the tightly closed coaches with the broad snow fields gently slipping by, could not know how fast that really was. The man at the throttle knew. With the thunder in his ears, the swaying, plunging monster beneath his feet, the ice wind shrieking by his cab, the double ribbon of steel writhing beneath his steady gaze — the man at the throttle knew. Combining the utmost possible speed with the utmost possible safety, he was bringing his precious human cargo home for Christmas.

Again Father Casey closed his breviary. His lips were moving, his eyes half closed, but this time his fingers did not remain between the leaves to mark the page. His watchful companion, Lawrence Dwyer, noted this slight detail and settled back luxuriously in the pullman cushions for a chat. The office finished, now at last they could talk.

The first thought he expressed, when the priest had returned the breviary to its case and dropped it into the bag, was the thought that was dancing and singing in every heart that evening: "So, Father Tim, tomorrow is Christmas!"

"Yes, Larry, tomorrow is Christmas. We'll celebrate your elder Brother's birthday."

"Whose? Mike's? No, Father, he was born on the twenty-ninth of February."

"Lawrence Dwyer," the priest repeated, "tomorrow is your elder Brother's birthday."

The young man waited. He knew there was more to follow.

"Who," Father Casey asked him, "who is your father?"

"My father was Michael Patrick Dwyer, from the County Cork, God rest his soul."

"Michael Dwyer," said the priest, "was the father of your physical life. His physical life has ended; yours too will end. But you have an infinitely higher life. Who is your father in that higher life? Michael Dwyer, you said, *was* your father. I asked you who *is* your father?"

Lawrence Dwyer hesitated to pronounce the word that was even on his tongue. It seemed almost an act of irreverence.

The priest persisted. "Who is your father?"

In a low, awed voice the young man answered: "God."

"You really mean that?"

"I — I was taught to say it: Our Father who art in heaven."

"And your teaching came from the God of truth — who can neither deceive nor be deceived. It is true. Your Father is God."

"My Father is God! You know, when one stops to face that thought, one is — is — overwhelmed."

"You may well say so, Lawrence. Indeed, before the birth of Christ, even the chosen people were in such awe of the majesty and holiness of God that they did not dare to pronounce His name. They invented other words to use in referring to Him. While you, with childlike fearlessness and familiarity, not only address Him by name, but even call Him Father. Before the birth of Christ men lived under the law of fear; since the birth of Christ we live under the law of love."

"How blessed we are," Dwyer reflected, "to be born under the law of love where we can make bold to address the great, all-holy, almighty God by the trustful name of Father — even though we must admit the word is here used in a figurative rather than in a real sense."

"A figurative sense!!!" the priest shouted, "Lawrence Dwyer, what are you saying?"

"Yes, yes, I know," he hastened to explain, "my supernatural life comes to me directly from God and not at all from my earthly father. Therefore I can say that God is my Father in the supernatural sphere. But that is using the word in a different sense from our ordinary language."

"Listen, Larry. I fear you have never grasped the fundamental principle of Christianity. You learned your Christian doctrine by rote without understanding the root principle of that doctrine. God is your Father, your real Father, your Father in the sense of the word in ordinary language."

"But — how?"

"By adoption. By divine adoption, when the merits of Christ are applied to your soul in the sacrament of Baptism."

"Oh, adoption!" Dwyer was now on the defensive. "That is a very broad and loose term. It may mean almost anything."

"In this case it means just one thing — the thing God intended it to mean when he inspired St. Paul to use it. Dozens of times in his epistles the Apostle glories in our divine adoption — declares that by that adoption God became our Father — that we became His children and brothers of His only-begotten Son. He wrote these epistles as a Roman citizen at a time when Roman law ruled the world. Therefore when he used the word, adoption, he used it in the sense of the Roman law."

"What was adoption according to the Roman law? I learned that once myself at the university, but I have since forgotten."

"According to the Roman law adoption was the admission of a stranger into a family. By adoption this stranger became a member of the family; he took the name and received the titles of the family; he had a legal right to inherit the possession of the family. That is what the Roman law meant by legal adoption; that is what the Apostle meant by divine adoption."

"The Roman law," said Dwyer, "contemplated one man adopting another. When we speak of God adopting man the parallel is not so clear."

"Right there, Larry, you have touched the very heart of the question. In Roman law the adopter and the adopted had to belong to the same race. A man could not adopt a tree or a horse; he could adopt only a man, a fellow member of the human race. In like manner God could adopt only one who belonged to the race of God — "

"How then could God adopt me? I belong to the human race. How could God adopt me?"

"By first raising you to membership in His own race — by making you, as the Scriptures distinctly say, a participator in the divine nature."

"But, Father, how can that be done?"

"It is done by direct divine action. The great God, who is almighty, who can do anything He wills, does something to your soul to give it a new life, a life unspeakably, immeasurably higher than its natural life, a divine life, a participation in His own God life."

"I never before heard of God doing that to my soul."

"Of course you did. You not only heard of it, you spoke of it hundreds of times. That new life, that participation in God's own life, merited for you by the Man-God and infused into your soul in Baptism, is nothing else but sanctifying grace."

"Does sanctifying grace really mean all that? You know I always had the idea that sanctifying grace meant principally freedom from mortal sin."

"Oh, what a commonplace, mutilated signification to give to this marvellous gift of God's bountiful love — principally freedom from mortal sin! Larry, I am ashamed of you."

"Well, Father, you just ask the other young people of the parish. I am willing to bet you will find that most of them have the same idea of sanctifying grace."

"I fear you are right, Larry. Small wonder that their entire conception of religion is so commonplace since they have so denatured this sublime root principle of religion. Small wonder they have so little appreciation of the sacraments — those seven sublime instruments through which God gives to human souls, or increases in human souls, His own divine life, sanctifying grace. How do you account for this unhappy ignorance?"

"Father Tim, you'll get mad if I tell you."

"Well, what if I do! It won't be the first time. Out with it."

"Because we were not taught any better."

"Ah!" The priest pondered that answer. "Did we never tell you? What then did we tell you about sanctifying grace?"

"Father Tim I don't know what you *told* us. I am sure you must have told us everything fully and correctly. But I need not remind a master pedagogue like the Reverend Timothy Casey that telling is not preaching. The things you impressed on our minds, those are the things you taught us."

"And what did we impress upon your mind regarding sanctifying grace?"

"That we must be in the state of sanctifying grace, or free from mortal sin, when we receive Communion, — that, unless we are in the state of sanctifying grace, or free from mortal sin, our good works have no merit for heaven, — that all who die in the state of sanctifying grace, free from mortal sin, will go to heaven. In a word, whether you intended it or not, you taught us that sanctifying grace means principally freedom from mortal sin."

"I see, I see. That is what we taught you; and now we are scolding you for holding just what we taught."

"But it is all true, is it not, Father Tim?"

"You must be in the state of grace to receive Communion, to perform meritorious good works, you must die in the state of grace to be saved. And being in the state of grace means that you are free from mortal sin. Yes, it means that—but, Oh, it means so much more! Yes, it does mean that plain, blunt thing, freedom from mortal sin, but it means other things of unspeakable grandeur and sublimity and nobility and beauty. And the only thing we impressed upon your minds, the only thing we really taught you, was that sanctifying grace is freedom from mortal sin. Oh, Larry, we meant only the best. We wanted to keep you good, we wanted to preserve you from ever offending God. And so we kept harping on mortal sin—forgetting—forgetting—"

"Forgetting," Dwyer supplied, "that even we children were capable of responding to higher things."

"Right you are, Larry. I really believe if you had been taught to see the nature of sanctifying grace you would have had one of the most powerful motives for conquering temptation and avoiding mortal sin. You would have conceived an intense horror of doing anything that could stifle within you that divine life, eject you from your place in God's own family, transform you from a princely son of God into an enemy and traitor. Sanctifying grace. . . . God loves a human soul. And when God loves, Oh, what a mighty love is that! He embraces, overwhelms that soul. He gives to that soul qualities that make it God-like. He implants in that soul a new principle of life—of supernatural life,—of God life. He lifts that creature of earth so high as to make it a partaker in his own divine nature—so high that it is capable of becoming His son. Then He adopts it. God has found a way of adopting man. This earth-born creature is now the son of God and can now, in all truth, turn to God and call Him Father—Our Father, who art in heaven."

"That is why you said a while ago that Christ is my Brother, my elder Brother."

"Precisely. Christ is the Son of God, and we are sons of God. We belong to the same family. We have the same rights. Christ is Son of God by nature, we by adoption. Adoption means receiving a stranger into the family and giving that stranger the name, the titles of that family, all the rights and privileges, the inheritance of that family. By this adoption Christ becomes our elder Brother, the first-born, as the scripture says, among many brethren. It is He who has merited

for us the marvellous gift of sanctifying grace. It is He who communicates to us sanctifying grace. It is He who, while remaining God, has become man, that we, while remaining men, might become members of the family of God. Yes, Lawrence, Christ is your elder Brother, and tomorrow is His birthday."

Now the snow fields give way to belching smokestacks and towering buildings, to great, grimy factories and thickly congested housetops. Now the ice-covered engine comes to a panting halt in the train sheds; the man at the throttle relaxes from the terrific strain and climbs down from his cab. The passengers crowd out and hurry away — to home for Christmas.

A few hours later Lawrence Dwyer is at midnight Mass in St. Mary's Church. He listens once more to the deep, strong, sonorous Latin into which the bishops of the Christian world, assembled at the Nicene Council so many centuries ago, had crystallized the sacred truths revealed by God to men: "*Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem . . . et in Jesum Christum . . .*" Though the Credo is not half finished, he sees Father Casey and his two assistants uncover their heads and rise from their seat, proceed to the middle of the sanctuary and fall on their knees in adoration. "*. . . descendit de coelis et incarnatus est de Spirito Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et Homo factus est.*"

To the young man it seemed that he grasped, for the first time in his life, the meaning of Christmas. "*He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him He gave them power to be made the sons of God . . . and the WORD WAS MADE FLESH and dwelt amongst us (and we saw His glory, the glory, as it were, of the only-begotten Son of the Father) full of grace and truth.*"



"Let all anxiety cease; for Christ, our true security, has come. Let all weakness be at an end, today the Saviour has appeared. Let wars and dissensions be no more, for today the Prince of Peace has come down from heaven. Let all bitterness be removed, today the heavens shed their sweetness over the earth. Let Death fly, for Life today is given us from on high. Today angels sing upon earth, archangels are glad, prophets are glorified, the saints are called, the wicked tremble, the good rejoice, the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the sorrowful are made glad, the sick are restored to health, and the dead rise again. Satan alone, and all his demons with him, tremble, because the human race is restored by his defeat." — *St. Augustine.*

## Three Minute Instruction

### THE THREE CHRISTMAS MASSES

The Church has granted a privilege to all priests to celebrate three Masses on Christmas day. This privilege is intended not only for themselves, but also for the spiritual joy and benefit of the faithful. The three Masses are not identical; the liturgical prayers of each one represent a particular theme, or spirit, or approach to the mystery of the Birth of Our Lord. These three themes may be outlined as follows:

I. The first Mass, usually midnight Mass, emphasizes the stupendous nature of the miracle of the birth in time and in human form of the Son of God. Its spirit is that of sheer wonder and awe as we prostrate ourselves in the dazzling light that has broken the darkness of midnight and brought heaven to earth. The tone of the Introit, the Collect, the Gradual, the Gospel, of all the proper parts of this Mass, is elevated, heavenly, sublime. "The Lord hath said to me," sings the Introit, "Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee! Why have the Gentiles raged and people devised vane things? Thou art My Son! This day have I begotten Thee!" Thus we are struck dumb at the word: This is God Who is born! Again in the Gospel the divinity of Christ is emphasized: "This day is born to you a Saviour, Who is *Christ the Lord!*" So through the whole Mass, we are led to forget ourselves, to forget even what the birth of the Saviour means to us, we are led simply to kneel in awe and adore.

II. The second Mass of Christmas, which was intended to be celebrated about dawn, expresses the meaning of the birth of Christ for ourselves: the Son of God has not only come down to earth, He has come for our sakes. This note is again struck in the Introit: "A light shall shine *upon us* this day; for the Lord is born *to us*, and He shall be called Wonderful, God, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the world to come; of whose reign there shall be no end." St. Paul in the epistle of the Mass already speaks of us as being heirs of eternal life in Christ; in the Gospel the shepherds "begin to understand the word that was told to them"; the communion prayer bids the daughter of Sion rejoice that her King has come. So, thoughtfully, like the shepherds, we say: Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that is come to pass which the Lord hath shown us.

III. The third Mass on Christmas celebrates the completion of the work of Christ in the establishment of His Kingdom on earth. The Introit pronounces this theme: "A Child is born to us and a Son is given to us whose kingdom is upon his shoulders, and His name shall be called the Angel of the Great Counsel." The Gospel of the Mass, in the words of St. John usually recited at the end of Mass, sums up the story of Christ's reign on earth: "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not. But as many as received Him he gave power to be made Sons of God." The Communion prayer likewise brings out the Kingdom of Christ: "All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of God." And the last Gospel tells the story of the three kings coming from the east to adore the Infant God.

With these preparatory instructions, Catholics can more devoutly appreciate the three Masses of Christmas.



## Love Is A Lady

### WHEN LOVE AND CHRISTMAS COME TOGETHER

F. J. KINSELLA, C.Ss.R.

For Bob Carabine, life was becoming more and more complex. A Gasoline Corporation had sponsored a Radio Song Contest. Bob's song had won the contest, the thousand dollar prize, and the week's engagement at the Palace Theatre. And what is more to the point, Bob had met Lenore Bolland, the talented radio singer, who had been one of the contest judges.

Song contests, vaudeville contracts, prizes, Lenore Bolland herself were not a part of the normal life of Bob Carrabine. He was, in truth, the lovable Irish cop who patrolled the dangerous waterfront beat. He represented the law, he safeguarded the rights of citizens in the toughest district of the big city. The smile on his face, the song on his lips, the music in his heart were as potent as his club and gun. Hardened men called him a straight-shooter. Old women blessed his heart of gold. Younger women trusted him. The children idolized him and followed him about in droves. They'd listen to his stories by the hour. They'd force him to sing in his rich tenor voice an endless repertoire of songs. By a combination of kindness and friendliness, with courage of soul and strength of body, he had maintained order and peace in the notorious waterfront district where others had failed.

His song had become a hit. At the Palace Theatre his singing and dancing had been enthusiastically applauded. Yes, life was becoming more complex. The vivacious and talented star of the "Melody Hour" program, Lenore Bolland, was rapidly becoming very fond of the Singing Policeman.

"He's just a sap," Lenore had confided to friends. "He has personality. He's handsome — and you tell me about his voice. He'd go miles once he's started. And friends, little Lenore is going to quit right now if she can't 'start' a simple Irish cop."

Candidly it must be said that Lenore met with success. She was clever and skillful in the deliberate use of every means and artifice to attract Bob Carabine. In the glow of her sparkling smile, under the lash of her brilliantly witty tongue, any man was apt to succumb. Bob was not an exception. She had discovered that he was fond of a

beautiful girl named Catherine Malley. And with this knowledge in mind she very shrewdly intruded upon most of his spare time.

Two months had passed since the contest, but Lenore was not entirely satisfied with results. In one respect she had failed completely. Bob had refused to turn in his star and gun, had refused to give up his waterfront beat.

"You are a complete fool," Lenore told him frequently. And in the opinion she was not alone. Why a man who sang and danced as Bob had done at the Palace should turn down contracts and return to walking a beat, and to wearing a uniform, and frolicking with a horde of street urchins was something in human whims that local show people could not understand.

\* \* \*

Christmas would be different this year. Catherine Malley could not help making comparisons. There was a certain feeling of loneliness about her, an indefinable aching in her heart, which was not visible in the clear blue of her eyes nor in her graceful gait as she hastened home to the melody of the crunching snow.

It was Christmas Eve. The sun had disappeared after halfhearted attempts all day to take the chill from the north wind which now whined through the trees, causing Catherine to bury her pretty face deeper into the soft collar of her new mink coat. The temperature was dropping rapidly and there was the taste of snow in the crisp air.

Christmas Eve had always been a happy experience. The ritual had been invariably the same: putting the children to bed, setting up the big tree, decorating tree and house, arranging the presents. Other years Bob had always helped her. She remembered now how he had often said that there were but two people in the whole wide world really suited for such work — Mrs. Malley's eldest daughter and himself.

Catherine tried to think of things more cheerful. She had received the customary Christmas bonus of a month's salary. Sherill Anderson, the broker, paid his private secretary three hundred and fifty a month, a fact which was indicative of her skill and business ability. But of late Catherine was becoming tired of business. She had formed definite and unflattering opinions about "career girls." She turned to other thoughts. And by the time she had reached home her spirits were climbing from the depths of gloom as she began to experience a cer-

tain peace and joy. She thought of the Midnight Mass. Catherine had always loved the Mass. And Christmas time with its crib and decorated church, with its colored lights of red and green and white and blue, with its atmosphere of heavenly beauty coupled with the thrilling hymns of the choir and the soft sweet music of the organ merely enhanced in its appeal what was already a very stimulating force in her life — the Holy Mass.

"Mother, Sis is home. Sis is home," shouted Jackie, aged seven, who rushed to the door to greet his big sister. He was joined by his five year old brother Tommy.

"We know something you don't know. We know something you don't know," they chorused. "Bob Carabine was here, with a big box. It's for us. It's for us, but mother says it's for you. We know it's for us."

"Yes, because Bob doesn't send you things anymore," remarked Tommy with unconscious want of tact.

After dinner the children began voicing their misgivings about the absence of the Christmas tree. All day they had searched for it, had watched the door each time the bell had rung. And the tree which was hidden away in the basement, they had not found.

"Mama," said Jackie, "Isn't there going to be a Christmas tree?"

"I don't know. You must leave that to Santa Claus, my dear," said his mother.

"Daddy," this time it was Tommy, a round faced, chubby little fellow who spoke; "Did you bring in the tree, Daddy? Last year I saw you. Yes I did." Old Mr. Malley lifted the little fellow to his knee as he tried to conceal the merry twinkle in his kindly paternal eyes.

"See here, young man, you are entirely too smart. The way you poke your nose into things — well, we're going to put a stop to it, you understand? You're going to bed for the night. See? Santa might come around early tonight, and if he finds you prowling around, he might not like it."

"Aw, Daddy, I don't want to go to bed. Please, Daddy, let me stay up," pleaded Tommy.

"No, my lad, you are going to bed. O Jackie! Where are you, Jackie?"

"I'm out here," said Jackie trying to conceal his voice in the pantry.

"Here — get out of there, you young rascal — those are Catherine's presents."

"No, they aren't. I know what they are. There's a doll in there, and that's for baby Louise." He said nothing more because his father had pulled him out by the seat of his trousers.

"Catherine!"

"Yes, Father."

"Will you come down and put the children to bed? Your mother is busy."

The children obeyed their sister without much protest. Soon the little tots were in their blue and white flannel sleeping suits. Before jumping in under the warm covers, they knelt at their sister's knee, and in unison their baby voices recited the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Then: "Dear Jesus, bless Father and Mother and sister and baby. Blessed Virgin, pray for us." They looked up to sister as they waited to be kissed "good night."

"But, children, this is Christmas Eve. You must say an extra prayer to the little Infant."

"Infant Jesus, I love you," said Jackie. "Bless me and keep me good."

"And you, Tommy?" Tommy looked up to Catherine with his large bright eyes, and then his face tightened and his forehead wrinkled with determination while he said: "Little Infant, I love you. Bless my sister Catherine and bring Bob Car'bine back to us."

"You little darling!" exclaimed Catherine, kissing him to conceal her tears.

But Bob Carabine did not call. It was now six weeks since she had seen him to speak to. Then they had quarrelled. She had been angry because Bob had broken his date to take her to the University Dance. She had spoken very sarcastically about a cheap song contest going to his head and had expressed the desire never to see him again.

\* \* \*

Officer Carabine had just come off duty. It was six p. m. He would have to hurry because Lenore would be along any minute in her roadster. Tonight, however, Lenore must wait. Bob had made up his mind to see the little O'Brien children whose father had been out of work and whose mother had been sick. Bob was leaving the corner grocery store, his arms loaded with bundles when Lenore's car drove up to the curb.

"Hello, Santa Claus!" she chirped. "You need a truck. Get in, and say where," she commanded.

"Hello, Lenny. Right on time. Want to drive me down to the next block. There's a poor family down there. I'd like to drop these bundles there for them."

"Certainly. But, Bob, we must hurry. I have to be at the studio at nine o'clock . . . a special Christmas Program. You'll come with me. I want you to sing. I have a ten minute spot and another five minute one, and that's too much for this poor throat of mine to night."

"Sure, I'll go," said Bob rather absently.

"Then you will have to get into your glad rags. We must hurry."

"Here's the place," said Bob. "Coming in? It will do you good to see the thrill these simple people will get when they find they've been remembered this Christmas." They rang the doorbell of a dilapidated house.

"Bless my heart!" was the warmhearted greeting of Mrs. O'Brien. "It's young Officer Carabine. And bundles, my heavens, this night he is loaded down with bundles!"

"Sure, Mrs. O'Brien, it is nothing at all. These little rascals are wanting a Merry Christmas."

"God bless you, my boy," said Mr. O'Brien, coming into the hall with the children. His voice was choked with emotion. "It is a good turn you have done tonight, my lad . . ."

"It is nothing at all," said Bob. "Just a wee bit of food, and a few little things for the children. Merry Christmas to you all. Hello, Johnny. And little Martha, how are you? Who is the lovely lady? That's right, you haven't met Miss Bolland. But don't tell me you have never heard Lenore Bolland sing on the radio?" The children were shy and backed away. "Say 'Hello' to Miss Bolland. Lenore, meet Johnny and Martha O'Brien."

"Merry Christmas, children," said Lenore, a little ill at ease. "How very cute! I must give them a present too." She fumbled with her purse, and gave Mrs. O'Brien a five dollar bill. "Be sure to buy them something nice."

Afterwards when they were in the car, she turned to Bob: "I thought you would never leave. Now we'll have to hurry. Bob Carabine, you simply forget everything when children are around. I never saw such a fool." That hurt Bob, but he deemed it well to remain

silent. Lenore didn't understand. Her's was a different world. Some day, he told himself, she would come to understand children, she would grow to love them. Whether he was right or wrong in his cherished hope, the events of the following afternoon were destined to prove.

\* \* \*

Lenore had pleaded a previous engagement in refusing to accept Bob's invitation for Christmas dinner. She had promised, however, to call for him with the car and to accompany him while he delivered presents to a few of his friends.

"But remember, Mr. Policeman, you have to take me to the studio for the Lionel Blackmore Program. He's presenting Dicken's Christmas Carol which I wouldn't miss for the world."

"Agreed," Bob had said.

"Now, don't forget, he broadcasts at four o'clock. So make your plans accordingly."

It was snowing lazily when they departed, but the day was rather warm and pleasant. There was the little Conway girl who had broken her leg. For her Bob had an expensive doll. There were the Miller children whose little brother had been operated on for tuberculosis of the bone in his right arm. Here Bob was unable to leave until he had sung a Christmas song and had danced those steps he did on the stage. When at last the lovable Irish cop had visited several other crippled children it was after three o'clock and Lenore was fairly exasperated.

"Are we going to waste the whole afternoon?" she demanded peevishly.

"Waste it? I don't call this wasting time," he said firmly.

"But we must hurry if we are to be in time for Lionel Blackmore."

"Aw, Lionel Blackmore can go to grass."

"Now, Bob," she cautioned.

"But don't you get a thrill out of seeing these poor kids enjoying themselves?"

"You are forgetting our agreement. I promised to accompany you if you agreed to take me to the studio. Here I've done nothing but play chauffeur for you the whole afternoon and you are trying to back out of your promise."

"I've been urging you to come in with me and see all these people but you refuse."

"You don't have to spend the whole afternoon visiting. It's nonsense."

"Don't be so catty," Bob was becoming angry.

"Well if you must, how many more calls do you intend to make?" she demanded.

"One more. She's a little crippled girl named Gladys Newton."

When the car stopped in front of the Newton home, Bob gathered up a bundle of presents from the rear of the car. He got out and was standing with one foot on the running board.

"Come in with me this time, Lenny. Gladys is a marvellous little creature and I want you to meet her. She's a little angel." Lenore assented. And Bob was assisting her from the car when there arose a sharp yell from a neighboring yard.

"Hey — everybody together! It's Bob Carabine. Let's charge 'em." And with this there was unleashed a fierce snowball attack by a group of small children. Bob's face lit up with a boyish grin. He and Catherine Malley had braved many such snowball fights. It was an old winter custom.

As it happened Lenore was not Catherine. Bob had seen her annoyed frown. He tried to ward off the fight, but in vain. Snowballs landed everywhere, soft, wet, harmless snowballs showered upon them. One harmless shot found its mark on Lenore's pretty face. She was enraged. She stamped her foot and shouted indignantly at the children. Unperturbed, one little tot, the smallest of the group came very close and pelted her right and left. In a moment of uncontrol Lenore reached out and sharply slapped the child across the face. The lad began to cry.

"That's not Tommy's sister, but some woman," one of the youngsters remarked.

"Why did you do that?" Bob asked slowly with a strange anger boiling in his words. As he spoke he lifted the little fellow into his arms and tried to dry his tears.

"Oh, act your age, Bob Carabine. Do you think for a minute I'm going to put up with such nonsense?"

"No. I don't want you to put up with such nonsense. Get into that car. The sooner you drive away the less chance I have of socking you in the jaw."

Bob carried the child, Tommy Malley, to his home. He continued

to cry, and as they crossed the snow covered lawn, the front door opened and Catherine rushed out to take the child. The tears ceased.

"I'm sorry I hit the lady," Tommy said chokingly, and wiping his eyes with a mitten-covered thumb. "I hit her on purpose. I hit her as hard as I could. She kept you away from me and Jackie and all the kids."

"Now listen, young man, don't talk that way, or I'll wash your face in the snow. The idea of crying like a baby!"

"I wasn't the only one crying this afternoon," said Tommy. His sister turned away. Bob stopped her, with a questioning glance.

"Thanks so much for bringing Tommy home," she said and started for the house. The youngster wiggled to the ground and rushed into the house.

"Bob, the child was right. I was crying for a bit. I thought of last Christmas."

"And how we visited all the crippled kids?"

"Yes."

"I'm on my way to visit little Gladys Newton. Will you come along, if it's not too late?"

"It isn't. Come in, while I get my things."

### PROGRESS

A Catholic Eskimo who had visited a white settlement, was asked on his return what he thought about the white man. He replied:

"These whites are very intelligent. They can make houses so high that you get dizzy even before you reach the top; they can make other houses that run by themselves on wheels; and others still that are not very high but very long and have everything in them, beds, kitchens, dining-rooms, stoves and everything.

"They can make spoons so big that they dig out the earth and even go down to the bottom of rivers; they can make invisible fire that they carry around on little wires; they can shut up fire in little bottles to give them light, and when the fire is gone can take them back to the stove for more.

"But with all this, they do not know how to pray, even in Holy Week and at Easter. In our village we know more than they do and are happier than they are in civilized countries."





## Christmas Etchings OVER THE WIDE WORLD



L. F. HYLAND, C.Ss.R.

In some Provencal villages in France, it is the custom for the villagers to capture, a few days before Christmas, a number of small birds of various kinds. These they bring to the Church for the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. At the moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host, the birds are released. They flit about, singing and chirping, until, attracted by the lights and foliage about the crib, they take their places in the branches of the Christmas trees and there sing their own canticles to the new-born Saviour.



Also in Provence, it is the custom, at the abstinence meal on the vigil of Christmas, to have the youngest child of each family say the grace and bless the meal in memory of the Christ-Child. Then before the meal is touched, the names of any members of the family who have died are spoken with love, and some of their good qualities are recalled.



It is said that one of the greatest fish markets in the world is set up only on the vigil of Christmas along the street of Santa Brigida in Naples. Temporary stalls are erected early in the day all along the street; from these, fish of every sort and condition are sold: swordfish, eels, flat fish, red fish, shell fish, small fish and large fish, fish in buckets and tins and tubs and dishes. Even the unappetizing looking polypus and octopus are there, and all day and into the night the Neapolitans pass along, bargaining and buying as they please.



Then at night, the people go home and hold their fish dinner. It is the only meal they eat on the vigil of Christmas. . . . But through the day the air has been filled with the songs of the shepherds and the music of bagpipes, keeping the people mindful of the reason for their fast and the feast that is approaching . . .



In the time of King Henry II of England, the fowl most commonly used for the Christmas feast was the crane. A little later the boar's



head was the accepted meat dish for Christmas, served with a lemon between its teeth. There is one account of the reign of Henry III which tells of his ordering 20 salmons to be made into pies for the Christmas celebration. In the reign of James II, turkey, chicken and plum pudding, called "hackin," became the rule. A recipe for a Christmas pie, preserved in the records of the Worshipful Salters Co. for the year 1394, includes among other ingredients, partridges, capons, pigeons, conies, pheasants, hares; the instructions were to pick all the meat from the bones, mix it with the other ingredients and with the help of some kind of paste, to fashion all into the form of a huge bird. It is said that some of these pies weighed as much as a hundred pounds; they were intended to serve whole parties for twelve days of feasting.



"Santa Claus" is the corruption of the name St. Nicholas. In Germany, for many centuries, a figure representing St. Nicholas, called "Pelznichel" would make the rounds of the houses of the village about ten days before Christmas; he would announce himself as the representative of the Christ-Child; he would question the children as to their behaviour during the year; would rebuke the naughty ones and shake a stick at them, which would then be given to the father to use if the misbehaviour continued. He then gave the children candy and nuts, and promised them that the Christ-Child would not forget them on Christmas Eve, when the Christmas tree would be erected in their homes.



In Holland, in many towns, a group of young men gather on Christmas Eve and go about from house to house carrying a huge, illuminated star, representing the star that lighted the Magi to the crib of Bethlehem. From the crowd that follows them and the houses at which they stop, they collect alms which are carried to the burgomaster of the town to be used for the poor on Christmas day.



In the year 1642, when Cromwell ruled England, and anti-Catholic hatred was at its height, a law was passed by Parliament forbidding the celebration of Christmas as something smacking of "Popery." This law

was within a short time carried out to ludicrous limits. Even Protestant Churches were not allowed to open their doors on Christmas; and in one place where a crowd gathered to worship, the Church was surrounded by soldiers and all the worshippers were taken to prison. In the anti-Christmas bill, Christmas was denounced as superstition and Popery; mince-pie was declared to be a "hodge-podge of superstition, Popery, the devil and all his works"; plum pudding was branded as the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, and those who cooked or ate it were subject to fine and imprisonment. Holly and ivy were condemned as Popish plants, and people were forbidden to decorate their homes with them. When the 25th of December drew near, a public crier was sent through the streets ringing a warning bell and crying like a fish-monger: "No Christmas! No Christmas!" An order was issued obliging tradesmen to keep their shops open on Christmas and commanding the people to do their marketing as usual on that day . . .



Against all this, even the Protestants finally rebelled. In Canterbury, for example, in the year 1647, a large crowd of rioters gathered before the mayor's house objecting to the anti-Christmas laws; the mayor fled, was pursued by the mob, and though they did not catch him, they burned him in effigy in front of his house. . . . Then they elected a new mayor on the spot, took formal possession of the town, released from prison all who had been locked up for celebrating Christmas, and for three days Christmas carols were sung in the streets, plum pudding was openly indulged in, and the churches were thronged. . . . Cromwell finally sent several regiments of soldiers to restore order and reinstate the ejected mayor.



During the reign of James I of England, special Christmas festivities were held for court officials, — judges, sergeants-at-law, lawyers, etc. All these officials had to take part in the merry-making, by singing, or dancing, or playing for the gathering. Lawyers were even threatened with being rejected from the courts unless they danced with the rest on Christmas.

In Spain, Christmas trees are not used, but instead, each house sets up its own crib, decorated with all the trinkets, and spangles and can-

dles that in other countries are put on Christmas trees. Moreover, the giving of presents does not take place until January 6th, the feast of the Adoration of the Magi. On that day the children put out, not their stockings, but their shoes, and they place them, not over the mantle, but out on the balcony of the house, hoping that the three Kings in passing by the house, will dismount from their camels and leave presents in the shoes.



Not long ago, agitation was started in the United States for a federal law prohibiting the use of Christmas trees on the plea that it was depleting our forests. It was only killed when Ralph S. Hosmer, professor of forestry at Cornell University, put forth the thesis that the Christmas tree is a legitimate by-product because the judicious cutting of young evergreens is an actual aid to reforestation.



Shepherds in England in ages past used on Christmas Eve to go to the stables where their animals were kept and say a Pater and Ave that the animals might be protected from the evil one. Owners of cattle made a practice of giving the first food to their beasts with their own hands on Christmas morn.



In Auvergne, a decorated candle is placed in the middle of the table when the family sits down for the abstinence meal on Christmas Eve. Then the head of the family takes the candle, makes the sign of the Cross, lights it, and then extinguishes it and passes it to his wife. She likewise makes the sign of the Cross, lights and extinguishes the candle and passes it on. So it is done by each member of the family in memory of the "light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."



"God is born of man in order that man may be born of God. The first nativity of Christ, the Son of God, is of God; the second is of man. Our first birth is of man, the second of God. And because God is made man He has given us, in our birth through baptism, the spirit of adoption. In His first nativity He belongs not to human nature; by His second nativity, by His being man through love for us, we become through grace what we were not by nature." — *St. Fulgentius*.

## Romance Among the Saints

### THE HUMAN LOVE OF ST. THOMAS MORE, MARTYR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

(Continued.)

To More, his home was always his first concern — the dearest spot on earth which he could not forget when busy at court, for which he longed when forced by duties to be absent. But he saw everything in its due perspective — the earthly home against the background of his eternal home — earthly love as a means and a pattern of heavenly love. This did not destroy romance; it perfected it — giving it a steadiness, a glow, a warmth, a depth, a strength it could not otherwise have.

When he determined on his calling to the married life, he took up the translation of the works of Pico of Mirandola, an Italian nobleman, who enjoyed much renown for his learning, his travels, and his conversion. From him More took the "Twelve properties or conditions of a lover" and made each a text for a poem, — revealing his ideals of earthly and divine love at once.

Pico's "properties," as given by More, were: 1) To love one alone. 2) To think him unhappy that is not with his love. 3) To adorn himself for the pleasure of his love. 4) To suffer all things, even death, to be with his love. 5) To be ready to suffer shame and harm for his love. 6) To be ever with his love, at least in thought. 7) To love all things that pertain to his love. 8) To covet the praise of his love. 9) To believe of his love all things excellent. 10) To weep with his love for joy or sorrow. 11) To languish and burn in the desire of his love. 12) To serve his love, nothing thinking of reward.

To illustrate how More rose from the loved ones of earth to the love of God, let us take his poetic development of the second "property."

"Of his love, lo! the sight and company  
To the lover so glad and pleasant is,  
That whoso hath the grace to come thereby  
He judgeth him in perfect joy and bliss;  
And whoso of that company doth miss,  
Live he in ever so prosperous estate,  
He thinketh him wretched — unfortunate.  
So should the love of God esteem, that he

Who all the pleasure hath, mirth and disport  
That in this world is possible to be,  
Yet till the time that he may once resort  
Unto that blessed, joyful, heavenly port,  
Where he of God may have the glorious sight,  
Is void of perfect joy and sure delight."

St. Thomas More was 27 when, in 1505, he married Joan Colt, ten years his junior. She bore him four children: Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecil and John. After about six years of happy married life, Joan died, apparently in childbirth.

A year later, maybe less, he married again and this time a widow several years older than himself. His friends advised against the marriage — many since have been shocked and mystified by it. But, as Sargent says, "it is just as well that they have been shocked and mystified, for it calls attention to a very typical action of More's. . . . He needed a mother for his four children. He needed her immediately. He needed someone who had experience as a mother. Mistress Alice Middleton, the lady whom he married, would not only help him with his four children, but could also derive help from him for her own daughter." She was by no means beautiful; she was older than he; she had the reputation of being somewhat of a scold. It did not matter to him; romance apparently did not enter into the choice. She was a good manager when he was obliged to be away from home, — perhaps too worldly-minded, — that was all he wanted.

And yet ever and again in the course of his life a beautiful relationship between the two is revealed.

#### HIS HOME

More had particular ideas about a home. They were inspired by his character — partly by his love of learning and study and his literary pursuits, by the danger he saw at the court which, he felt, would sooner or later force him to retire, — and by a deep sympathy for the poorer class.

Consequently, as soon as he was able to do so, he built a house at Chelsea — according to his own plans. It was outside of the city, — to give him chance to commune with nature and to provide greater freedom for his children; it was spacious, to allow him to practice hospitality; it had a private chapel, to permit him to pursue his life of prayer more freely and devoutly; it had considerable acreage attached, to give

employment to as many as possible. The chapel was the center of all — as God was the center of his life and heaven, the goal of all his endeavors and the explanation of life.

#### HIS HOUSEHOLD

More was essentially sociable, kindly, bighearted. That is why his house had a welcome for all. Sargent thus describes his household:

"He adopted a poor widow named Paula who had spent all her money in a way which perhaps touched his conscience and sympathy (as a lawyer), — litigation. He adopted also in a more real sense a distant relative, Margaret Giggs, a young girl, who eventually married the Greek scholar and future physician, John Clements. And John Clements, himself, (as tutor) was often one of the members of the household, and so was Harris, the secretary, who had a hard time keeping More dressed in decently new clothes, — especially shoes, — and various tutors were there, and servants, men and women, all of whom More treated like as his own children. And in his house was a chaplain, later a martyr. And, of course, in his house was Mistress More and Mistress More's daughter by her first marriage, and then the husband of that step-child, and More's own daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth and Cecily and eventually their husbands, and his own son John, and John's wife, Anne Cresacre . . . and, I should not forget him — More's fool, Henry Pattensen, who had a license to speak folly with all freedom."

This was the regular household. Besides that, almost every scholar of any repute in those days of the "revival of learning" who came to England, put up at More's house — because he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the greatest lovers of learning and one of the most learned men of his time. Great people, too, would come — and even the King himself would come to More's house, arriving unexpectedly in time for dinner, "and would walk in More's garden with More, his arm thrown over More's shoulder," — for More was slighter in build.

There, too, and this is just what we expect from him, who disliked the finery and silken veneer of court manners, and who felt the injustice of the lot of the poor, — there, too, could be found on almost any day, poor neighbors sharing his meals. Others who were poor and sick or old were lodged at a special house built on his property. But often they were made for indefinite periods, members of the household. These offices towards the poor he frequently confided to his daughters, so that they might be taken care of during his absences from home.



## FAMILY LIFE

Such was the household of St. Thomas More—a little world in itself. This home he endeavored to make a little paradise—looking forward towards the eternal paradise to come.

God was the center of it. There was the chapel which held the place of honor—his chosen spot. At first it was a room in the house. Later, when the house became crowded, he built a special chapel. There he heard Mass every morning when possible—and a beautiful incident is related in this connection.

One day messengers from the King came to summon him to court. He was about to hear Mass and asked the messengers to wait. The King, however, would brook no delay and sent for him a second and a third time. More quietly told them he would not go till the Mass was ended.

"But the King will be displeased," they argued.

"I am paying court to a greater and better Lord," he replied. "My earthly King cannot be displeased because I serve first his and my heavenly King."

There he recited morning and evening prayers, to which were added the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the Litany of All Saints. He had also a collection of private prayers,—some in Latin, some in English, many of them still preserved to us.

In that chapel, Roper, his son-in-law, tells us, he spent the greater part of every Friday, when at home, meditating on the Passion of Our Lord, his favorite subject.

*(To be continued)*

## HOPE AND DESPAIR

St. Philip Neri used to feel a great and holy envy of religious who had fled the world and vowed themselves completely to God, and would often say to them: "O how happy you are who have left the world, a thing which I have never had the courage to do!" He felt this so keenly that he was often heard to remark, "I am past hope."

One day, on meeting two Dominican friars on the street, he passed between them, saying: "Let me pass, I am without hope." The monks, taking his words literally, stopped him and began to console him. At last Philip smiled and said:

"I have no hope of myself, but I trust in God."



## Secret Letter

FROM THE "LETTER-WRITERS' GUIDE" OF 1935

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

THE APEX MFG. CO.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

*December, 1935*

*Mr. John Blank,  
City.*

Dear Sir:

I am made aware, by the preparations going on about me that Christmas is approaching. Perhaps this is a better time than any for me to write my first letter to you.

You are an employee in the factory belonging to a corporation of which I am the president. That means that we are, as it were, co-workers. It is true, of course, that you work eight to nine hours a day most of the week, whereas I spend only two or three hours at most at the plant a few days each week. It is also true that you work in a stuffy shop-room, near a screening machine, whereas I have a large, roomy, well-lighted office with a mahogany desk and artistic pictures on the walls. It is true, your work is rather heavy and taxing, whereas I have only to sign letters and O. K. orders and a few things of that nature. Nevertheless we are co-workers, trying together to keep the wheels of industry moving and to manufacture things that will make life more complete and comfortable for the public at large.

But there is one item about our relationship that I feel you must think about now and then. It is the difference in our financial standing. You receive for your labor, I am told (these things are arranged by tradition and competition and what not, so I just take my secretary's word for it), approximately \$1000 a year. I on the other hand, receive for my services \$25,000 a year. That constitutes a difference of \$24,000. Of course I have had more advantages in life than you. I was born into a family in which there already was money; you were not. I was able to acquire a university training, which you were not. I have had experience at executive positions for many years, while you have always had to do the heavier, less responsible and therefore less lucrative sort of work. Beyond a doubt, there should be some difference in

our salaries, as there is a difference in the training necessary for our work and in the responsibility of the demands made upon us.

Nevertheless, I have been wondering lately, if there should be a difference of \$24,000 per year in our income as a result of the difference in our contributions to our firm. Or, to put it another way, I have been wondering whether it is right that this difference should exist when your income is so pitifully inadequate to the mere necessities of life . . . \$1000 per year. . . . That means less than \$20 per week. You have, no doubt, a family that is dependent on you. You have to pay rent, or installments on a home; you have to buy fuel and food and clothing; you and your wife and children need a little relaxation and amusement now and then; you would like to have, and are probably trying to acquire some of those comforts that nearly everybody thinks necessary nowadays; you should have some personal insurance and a little something put aside for the time when you will not be able to work any more. As I check these things off item for item, I wonder how in heaven's name you can possibly get along at all on \$20 or less a week.

I brought this up at the last directors' meeting of our company. I suggested that we face the fact as to how our employees are forced to live as a result of the salaries they are receiving. But I did not get very far. I was quickly informed that any action taken by me along these lines would make imperative the choosing of a new president for the company. It was pointed out to me that our stockholders are clamoring for dividends, and that we must strain every nerve to reduce overhead (which meant wages of factory hands, etc.) in order to satisfy those who lent us their money. I was told that our payroll was not a bit lower in average than that of every other factory in our industry; and that if our workers didn't like it, they could move out and let some of the dozens who line up at the employment office every day take their places. One man courageously informed us that most factory hands are idle, shiftless, undeserving fellows, or ignorant women and girls who are just looking for a chance to strike; who could never be satisfied anyway because the more you give them the more they want; who are what they are simply because they haven't brains or push enough to be anything else. Then, when the clamor had died down, and I was properly silenced, they voted me a \$10,000 bonus, ostensibly for the wonderful work I had done during the year, but really, I think, to bribe me never again to mention anything about raising wages for employees.

At first I was going to resign my position on the spot. But immediately I saw that such a course would do no good. So I hit upon another plan, and I am letting you in on it on condition that it remain a secret between you and me.

My income for this year, as I have mentioned, is \$35,000. That is only for this year. I have been receiving salaries like that, and larger, for many years. You perhaps wonder what a person does with large sums of money like this. For one thing, the more we get, the more we spend. And a great part of what we spend, is spent simply to show the world that we get a large salary, or that we have a lot of money saved up. We move from one home to another, no more comfortable or home-like, because the second is more expensive, shows how much more we can afford. We trade in big cars for bigger cars, not because they go faster or are more serviceable, but because they cost more and by them we can show how much more we can afford. Then some of our money goes into taxes, which are not as griping as some people make them out to be when it is considered how much is left to us. With all this, we still have a lot left over. We save that. We hope to become millionaires some day. What for, we do not exactly know, but there is a thrill in it. We watch the markets and try to multiply what we have. One never grows tired of seeing just how large a figure he can credit himself with; though what the purpose of it is I have just been beginning to wonder. Anyway, I have about (I say "about" — I do not myself know exactly how much) \$350,000 to my name in different securities and holdings and accounts. You can see that it is more than I or my family will ever need. Why, at a conservative 4% that alone brings me over \$12,000 a year which is simply added to the total.

Now, the point is, not that I have all this, which in itself is not necessarily an evil, but that you, a co-worker of mine, must get along with so very little. I am getting to be an old man, and for some unknown reason, the older I get, the more this makes me think. The proper way of rectifying the situation, of course, would be through a reorganization of our business methods, through which you would be assured of sufficient wages for all your needs, and something over and above. I thought at first that the N. R. A. might accomplish this; it was its aim to do so, but before it was in operation a month those who had to do with salary fixing, etc., had found a hundred ways of evading its rules, while they continued piously to flaunt their blue eagles about the

shops. You yourself remember, how they juggled your hours, and threatened your job, and played with your salary until everything looked square but was worse than before. The N. R. A. failed, because of these subterfuges, and so we are back to the same problem.

If I personally try to shake things up, I shall simply be voted out of office. Only one thing is left for me. That is to share my large salary with your small one. That at least will relieve me of the heavy responsibility that is upon me. I realize it will mean only a drop in the proverbial bucket of your needs, but that drop is something to start on. Remember, this is not a gift; you and I are co-workers; the salary I receive has come out of the profits you and I have made together, and you will owe me no thanks if a part of them are turned over to you.

Therefore, out of the \$35,000 paid me for my services this year, I shall keep \$5,000. The other \$30,000 is to be divided among you and your fellow-workers. Since there are approximately 150 of you, that will mean about \$200 each. Coming at Christmas time, it may help you pay some of your standing bills, and have a better Christmas than you anticipated.

Let us keep this little transaction secret among ourselves. If it were to become known, the board would probably oust me as president. But as long as I am president, I shall share profits with you, as co-workers should be eager and willing to do.

I wish you a merry Christmas. As I have said, I am an old man, and realize that I have been too long blind to my duties to others. If you pray, and I hope you do, I ask you to say a little prayer for me on Christmas day, that in my remaining years I may be able to live in justice and charity with my fellow-men.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN SMITH,  
*President, Apex Mfg. Co.*

### THE FOOL

St. Gerard Majella, while kneeling one day before the tabernacle, was suddenly heard to break out into laughter. When asked the reason for this strange and unseemly conduct, he answered:

"The Lord said to me, 'Gerard, you are a fool!' — but I answered Him at once: 'Lord, Thou too art foolish, for having died for a fool like me.'"

## Gathered at Dawn

### SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.S.S.R.

#### LII

On July 20, 1914, the Promoter of the Cause for the little Italian boy, Dominic Savio, in private audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius X, asked the sainted Pontiff:

"What do you think, Holy Father, of Dominic Savio, the pupil of Don Bosco?"

"He is a real model for the youth of our times," replied the Pope. "A boy who carried his baptismal innocence with him to the tomb, and who during the few years of his life never had the least defect, is a saint indeed. What more could we desire than that?"

"But," replied the Promoter, "some one has objected that Savio is too young to be raised to the honors of the altar."

"That is merely further reason for declaring him a saint," answered the Pope, "for it is very difficult for a boy to practice virtues in a perfect manner, but Savio has succeeded in doing so. The Life written by Don Bosco, which I have read, gave me an impression of him as an exemplary young boy, worthy of being presented as a model of perfection."

Surely, a boy that could merit such commendation from the Roman Pontiff — saints have an uncanny power of discerning a saint — must have much to offer to our little folk. True, the lad was not of our century, but he was of the Eucharistic tradition, the history of which, the sketches of these little ones describe for us.

#### DOMINIC SAVIO, 1842-1857

Dominic was born on April 2, 1842, at a little country village called Riva di Chieri. He was the first child to bless the union of Carlo Savio and Brigid Gaiato — a simple, hardworking, God-fearing couple. The lad was baptized at five o'clock in the evening of the same day, and never lost his baptismal innocence. When the boy was two years old his parents moved to Murialdo, where he received his first education in learning and piety. His father was a blacksmith and was deeply attached to the boy. It was a touching scene to witness when the lad would await his father down the road where he knew he would come

from work. The boy would run towards him and cover him with those marks of affection, which the Italian child knows so well how to give, and the Italian parent so well how to receive. He was much like other boys at home, but might be singled out for his great effort to be of service to all with whom he came into contact.

At four years of age, he knew all his prayers by heart, and was the official one to lead in prayer. He was always the first to remember to pray, and if they happened to forget, the boy would not. It happened one day that a stranger dined at the Savio home, and forgot to pray before the meal. The lad saw it and straightway got up from table and hid himself in a corner. Later when asked why he had left the table so abruptly, he answered:

"I did not dare to sit at table with one, who approaches the table as an animal would, to eat."

January, 1847, is recorded as one of the severest winters in the Piedmontese valley. The mountain of Castelnuovo d'Asti was snowclad and the winds swept through the valley bringing suffering to many a scantily heated home. On one of these mornings when the snow was falling quite heavily, and the air was very cold, the chaplain of the little church of Murialdo, Father Giovanni Zucca, was as usual on his way to open the little church. What was his surprise to find there kneeling at the door a lad who shivered in the cold. He approached the kneeling form and a smiling angelic face was raised to his—it was the beginning of the friendship between Father Zucca and little Dominic Savio. Soon after, the boy learned to serve Mass, but if any one else wanted to serve, the boy always yielded, and would then attend Mass in the body of the church. The priest tells of the angelic piety of the boy, and how the little fellow had to get up on his tip-toes in order to get hold of the missal-stand when taking the book to the gospel side.

#### FIRST COMMUNION

In the days of which we write, early Communion was very exceptional. We read in the life of Don Bosco that he was admitted to the Holy Table only when he was ten years old, despite the fact that Don Sismond knew the boy had all the requisites except age. Don Cafasso with a reputation for angelic purity and perfect instruction had to wait till he was thirteen. These cases happened right in the place where Dominic lived. But the chaplain of Murialdo manifested genuine

Christian instinct when he considered the possibility of Dominic's being admitted to Communion at an early age. In fact he used the same criterion which Pius X was later to use: enough instruction and the capability of distinguishing the Eucharistic bread from ordinary bread. He was sure that the lad measured up to these two conditions, and decided to admit the child to Communion. It required courage to do such a thing, and it required outstanding merit on the part of the subject. There was great rejoicing in the Savio home when the good news was announced. Dominic was very serious in his preparation, which is described for us by Don Bosco (now Saint John Bosco), whose pupil Dominic later became. "*Ora pregava, ora leggava,*" writes Don Bosco — "Now he prayed, now he read" — and this describes the content of his preparation. When not at prayer either in the church or at home, he would be reading his Mass book.

On the day before the great event, he asked pardon from his mother for all his faults, and promised that in future he would be perfectly obedient and docile — a scene that his biographers dwell on with particular affection. It was decided that the service of the First Communion would take place not at Murialdo but at Castelnuovo d'Asti. Therefore, Dominic and his parents were early upon the road, for the boy was so anxious that he could not be delayed. They came to the church when the doors were still locked, but the boy knelt outside as he was accustomed to do at home. This First Communion is remarkable for this fact, that at the same Communion rail where Dominic knelt, years before (and not very many years before) Don Bosco and Don Cafasso knelt — three souls of outstanding sanctity, and who were one day to meet and live together at Turin. After Communion, the lad was so wrapt in God that even after all lights were extinguished, and the church empty, the boy still knelt in prayer, until the priest told him that his parents were waiting for him at the church steps.

Another item worthy of special note at this time, was the writing down in his prayer book of his resolutions. The treasured manuscript was in the possession of Don Bosco and he copied the notation directly from the lad's book. It reads:

"Remembrances written by me, Dominic Savio in the year 1849, when at the age of seven years I made my First Communion.

1. I will go to confession very often, and to Communion as often as my confessor will allow me.



2. I want to sanctify all feast days.
3. My friends will be Jesus and Mary.
4. Death, but no sins."

From a boy with such resolution one may well expect special holiness of life.

#### SCHOOL DAYS

After the great event of his First Communion, the boy attended the little school at Murialdo and continued to do so until his tenth year. But the lad was ahead of his fellow-pupils, so it was decided that he should attend school at Castelnuovo, which was about two miles from Murialdo. Dominic cheerfully walked this distance each day and in all kinds of weather. It would not need much imagination to surmise what he would do to occupy himself while walking to and from school. One instance told by Don Bosco may give us an inkling.

A person met the lad as he was on his way back to school at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"My boy, are you not afraid to walk along this road all alone?"

"I am not alone," replied the boy, "I have a guardian angel that accompanies me at every step."

"At least it is very uncomfortable for you to walk here in this heat and to do this four times a day!"

"No; nothing is hard or tiring if you work for a master who pays very well."

"And who is that master?"

"God, the Creator, who repays even a glass of water given out of love for him."

This response made a deep impression on the lad's questioner and he later told Don Bosco that a boy with such thoughts would certainly make a name for himself no matter in what walk of life he might find himself.

His conscience was remarkably delicate and he refused to allow himself the boyish fun that bordered on the rude. He realized that many a boyish prank leads to disobedience and neglect of study, and for that reason he would avoid them.

The reminiscences of D. Alessandro Allora, who had charge of the school, tell how the boy entered the school on the Feast of St. Aloysius, 1852. They describe him as a little fragile but gracious, and serious in aspect. We are told of his evenness of temper and his power of giving



himself completely to the task in hand. His mental endowments are best described in the teacher's own words:

"His progress in his studies might be called phenomenal . . . . He always merited the first place in his class, and took the other scholastic honors; he always received full marks in any essays which were given from time to time."

The great Salesian, Cardinal Cagliero, one-time Apostolic Delegate to Central America, who was educated by the same master, often spoke in later years of the high commendation bestowed on Dominic: "The pious youth was Savio (wise) in name and in fact."

Dominic Savio, however, remained only about one year under D. Allora. The severity of the winter of 1853 and very likely the exertion of walking to and from school, together with the price of close application to study, took their toll from the rather fragile constitution of the boy. His parents therefore withdrew him from Castelnuovo and sent him to Mondonio — where the remaining days of Dominic were to be spent.

(To be continued.)



"Christmas is a perpetual fountain of invisible miracles. It is better than a legion of angels in itself, always hard at work for God, and magnificently successful. Its sphere of influence is the whole wide world,—the regions where Christmas falls in the heart of summer, as well as in these lands of ours. It whispers over the sea, and hearts on shipboard are responding to it. It is everywhere in dense cities, where loathsome wickedness is festering in the haunts of hopeless poverty, keeping itself clean there as the sunbeams of heaven. It vibrates up deep mountain glens, which the foot of priest rarely treads; and down in damp mines, where death is always proximate and sacraments remote. It soothes the aching heart of the poor Pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice; and it cradles to rest the sick child, who, though it can not read as yet, has a picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its Mother's words have painted there."—*Faber*.



"The Son of the Highest, the God of Eternity—the Word—is born as a Child of time! Ye who grovel in the dust, arise; extol Him, laud His Name to the heaven of heavens. See, the Lord comes! Jesus is His name,—He comes 'with healing in His wings.' He shall be called Christ. He is the spirit of God. Everlasting glory is His gift. Breathe once more, ye forsaken and forlorn: Jesus comes to seek and save that which was lost. Revive, ye sick ones: Christ comes to bind the broken heart. Exult, ye who look for glory: the Son of God has descended to make you heirs of His kingdom."—*St. Jerome*.

## Quadragesimo Anno

### THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

(Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.)

#### CHAPTER II. SOLUTION OF DOUBTS AND PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH "RERUM NOVARUM"

**Introduction.** The Authority of the Church in the Social and Economic Spheres.

But before We go into these matters, there is one principle that We wish to make very plain. It is the principle — long since established clearly by Leo XIII—

**Principle Stated and Explained** that We have the right and the duty to pass supreme and final judgment on these social and economic matters. The task entrusted to the Church is not, indeed, to lead men to fleeting and uncertain happiness, but to eternal bliss; in fact, the Church "believes it would not be for her to interfere without a reason in these earthly concerns." Neither does she feel that she can intervene on the technical side of social and economic questions, for which she has neither the proper equipment nor the necessary commission. But she cannot possibly renounce her God-given office of interposing by her authority in

**Proof:** everything pertaining to right reason and God's law. Under this aspect, the entire social order and even economic affairs are completely subject to Our authority; and the reason is because God has given the deposit of truth into Our keeping; and because We have the sacred office of promulgating and interpreting the entire moral law, and even of urging, in season and out of season, that it be faithfully observed.

For though, within their own spheres, economics and morality have each their own proper principles, it would be wrong to say that the two spheres are so distinct and unrelated that the economic is completely independent of the moral. The so-called economic laws, it is true, which flow from the very nature of material things and the qualities of the human body and mind, define what objects are attainable or not, and what means are practicable for human effort in the field of economics. But at the same time reason itself clearly shows — from the nature of material things and from man's own individual and social nature — what is the end or object established by God the Creator for the entire economic order.

On the other hand, there is but one moral law; and it binds us to direct our actions towards the attainment of certain purposes or ends. It binds us to direct all our actions of any kind whatsoever towards the attainment of our last and highest end; it binds us also to direct our actions in any particular sphere towards the attainment of the end we know to be established by God for that sphere of activity; at the same time binding us to arrange the ends or objects of the particular spheres in their proper order and subordination towards the attainment of our last and highest end. And if we faithfully obey this law, it will follow that the particular ends, individual and social, towards which we have directed our economic activity, will find their proper place in the general scheme of the ends of human activity; and we shall ascend by them, as by stepping stones, to the attainment of the last end of all things, — namely, God, Who is in Himself and for us the supreme and inexhaustible good.

## QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

*What is noteworthy about the title of Chapter Two?*

The original Latin of "The Fortieth Year" in the "Acta Apostolicae Sedis" has no headings, but only Roman numerals at the head of the three Chapters; within each chapter there are marginal notes indicating the various parts of each Chapter. The marginal note at the beginning of Chapter Two is: "The authority of the Church in the social and economic spheres." This clearly refers only to the content of the introduction to Chapter Two; and besides, Pius XI says in at least two places in "The Fortieth Year" that Chapter Two deals with: "The solution of doubts and problems connected with 'Rerum Novarum'." Hence we have used this as the title to Chapter Two.

*How is Chapter Two divided?*

Into an Introduction and five Parts.

*In the Introduction, what does Pius XI do?*

Two things: *first*, states and explains the principle that the Church has the right to pass final judgment on social and economic matters; *secondly*, proves that the Church has this right.

*"Stating and explaining the principle," what does Pius XI do?*

Four things: *first*, refers to the fact Leo XIII had already established this principle; *secondly*, states the principle itself in general; *thirdly*, explains what the Church cannot do in social and economic matters; *fourthly*, explains what she can do.

*How did Leo XIII long since establish this principle?*

He did so especially by "Rerum Novarum," and in two ways: *first*, implicitly, by the fact that he did pronounce on social and economic matters all through "Rerum Novarum"; and *secondly*, explicitly, by declaring, e.g., in one place that the Church can pronounce on these matters "to refute false teaching," and in another, that "no practical solution of the (social) question will ever be found without the assistance of religion and the Church," especially since the Church, by her sacraments, etc., can "reach the hearts of men."

*"Stating the principle itself in general," what does Pius XI do?*

Three things: he states, *first*, that "We have the right and the duty, *secondly*, to pass supreme and final judgment, *thirdly*, on social and economic matters."

*Here the Pope says: "We," the Pope, have the right; in a moment he says: "the Church" cannot renounce her God-given right: are the Pope and the Catholic Church the same?*

As far as supreme teaching and judging power are concerned, yes: what the Pope teaches and judges is what the Catholic Church teaches and judges.

*How has the Pope this right and duty?*

This will be proved below under the marginal heading "Proof."

*What is this "supreme and final judgment?"*

It is a judgment or court decision from which there is no appeal, like the decisions or judgments passed by the United States Supreme Court, from which there is no appeal as far as civil matters in the United States are concerned.

*How does the Church exercise this right to pass final judgment on social and economic matters?*

It involves the use of three rights: *first*, the right to *examine* social and economic questions; *secondly*, the right to *give her decision*, from which there is

no appeal; *thirdly*, the right to *oblige* all men, even non-Catholics, to abide by her decisions.

*How can the Church oblige all men, even non-Catholics?*

Because when she uses this right she is acting (as will be seen directly) as interpreter of the natural law; and the natural law binds all men. Men may violate or disregard the Church's rulings; but that does not free them from the obligation.

*What are some examples of "social and economic matters?"*

*Social*: the state, the family; *economic*: property, labor, capital, wages, banking.

*Explaining "what the Church cannot do in social and economic matters," what does Pius XI do?*

He names two things she cannot do and gives a reason for each: *first*, she cannot interfere *without a reason* in any social or economic matter, because her task is to guide men to Heaven, not to the happiness of this world; and *secondly*, she can *never* interfere on the technical side of social and economic matters, because she lacks the required equipment and commission.

*When would the Church have a reason to interfere in social and economic matters?*

When there would be question of the moral side of these matters.

*What are some examples of the "technical side" of social and economic matters?*

One technical side of *government* is the form of government — whether it be a monarchy or democracy, etc.; of the *family*, the system, e.g., used by husband and wife in managing the household, or the family budget; of *property*, the form of property — whether it be cash, real estate, stocks and bonds, etc.; of *labor*, skilled or unskilled, manual or clerical; of *capital*, whether furnished by many or by a few; of *wages*, whether weekly or monthly, in cash or by check; of *banking*, the system of bookkeeping used, etc.

*What are some examples of the moral side of social and economic matters?*

The moral side of *government* is its relation to its natural end or purpose — public prosperity; of the *family*, its relation to its natural end or purpose, namely, the procreation and education of children, mutual assistance, etc.; of *property*, whether it be justly or unjustly possessed, etc.; of *labor*, whether it receive a just return, etc.; of *capital*, the same; of *wages*, whether they represent a just return for the labor; of *banking*, whether the system used in disposing of the investors' money be just or unjust, etc.

*Can this moral aspect also be called "the religious side?"*

Not strictly speaking: for "moral" refers to the teaching of the natural law; "religious" refers to the teaching of some religious body.

*Why has the Church no "commission" for the technical side of social and economic matters?*

Because her commission is to lead men to Heaven, to eternal happiness, not to the happiness of this world; and social and economic matters are concerned (directly, at least) with the happiness of this world.

*Why has the Church no "equipment" for the technical side of social and economic matters?*

Because "equipment," as understood here, is the means or the instruments necessary to fulfill a commission or office; and the Church's equipment is spiritual — the sacraments, the sacramentals, etc., — and connected with salvation: whereas the equipment needed for social and economic matters is temporal — technical skill

and experience, machinery, tools, etc.,—and connected with temporal prosperity.

*"Explaining what the Church can do," what does Pius XI do?*

There are four elements in his statement: *first*, the Church cannot possibly renounce, *secondly*, her God-given office, *thirdly*, of interposing by her authority, *fourthly*, in everything pertaining to right reason and the law of God.

*Why cannot the Church renounce this office?*

Because it is a task and a duty imposed on her by God.

*How is it "God-given"—imposed upon her by God?*

Pius XI develops this below in his *proof* of the general principle.

*What is the meaning of "interposing by her authority?"*

It is the same as "passing supreme and final judgment," and involves the same three elements: *examining* and *deciding* the moral side of social and economic matters and *binding* all men to accept her rulings.

*What is the meaning of "everything pertaining to right reason and God's law?"*

In general, and as the Pope takes it here, it means the same as "the moral law" or the "natural law," i.e., the guide of human conduct towards the attainment of man's last end.

*Proving that the Church has the right to pass final judgment, what does Pius XI do?*

In short, his proof is this: the Church has supreme charge of whatever comes under moral law; but economic matters come under the moral law at least in one way; therefore the Church has supreme charge and can pass final judgment on economic matters insofar as they come under the moral law. The Pope, in developing this argument, does four things: *first*, he shows why he has supreme charge of the moral law; *secondly*, he states that economics and morals have their own principles in their own spheres, but the general sphere of economics is dependent on that of morals; *thirdly*, he shows what are the principles of economics in their own sphere; *fourthly*, he shows how the general economic sphere is dependent on that of morals.

*Why does the Pope speak only of economic matters and not of social, in the greater part of this proof?*

Because economic activity in itself is farther removed from the moral law than social activity; and if economic activity comes under the moral law, social activity surely does.

*"Showing why he has supreme charge of the moral law," what does Pius XI do?*

Two things: *first*, he states that the Pope has been entrusted by God with keeping the "deposit of truth"; and *secondly*, that he has the office of promulgating and interpreting and urging the observance of the moral law.

*What is the "deposit of truth?"*

The "deposit of faith" is a technical name given by theologians to the entire body of *revealed truths* which Christ gave into the keeping of the Pope; but Pius XI here speaks of the "deposit of truth" which God has given into the keeping of the Pope—i.e., not only revealed truths, such as the divinity of Christ, or the Trinity, but also all truths made known by natural reason—such as, just contracts must be kept, etc.

*How does the Pope "keep" this deposit of truth?*

By preserving the body of natural truths as it was handed down to him by his predecessors, free from the admixture of error; which means that he must reject and condemn errors as they arise.

## Catholic Anecdotes



### MISSION-MINDED

Father Francis Flaherty, we read in the *Shield*, who is an American Passionist missionary in Hunan Province in China, was at breakfast one morning after preaching to his people on the need of supporting the Propagation of the Faith. A little girl and a squawking goose came in.

The child presented the goose to Father Francis as her contribution to the Propagation of the Faith.

"Send it to the Holy Father," she said.

The missionary expressed his doubts as to the practicability of sending the goose to the Vatican, so the little girl silently withdrew, taking the goose with her.

In a few moments, however, she was back, this time without the goose. Approaching the priest, she placed a few coins on the table before him.

"I sold the goose, Father," she said, "please send these to the Holy Father."

### CHRISTMAS LEGEND

A quaint old legend of Christmas tells the story of a miser who, begrudging any of his wealth to others, lived alone. He hated Christmas festivities, saying that they were only an invention to coax money out of peoples' pockets. However, as he was not entirely without religion, he followed the custom of his part of the country by burning a log on Christmas eve. The log was burnt, so the people said, to keep the divine Infant warm; and if it burnt low or went out, it was said: "The Christ-Child is cold."

The old miser, however, chose the smallest log from his pile, and allowed it to burn only a little at a time. So he sat shivering by the tiny fire until eventually he fell asleep.

While he slept, he dreamed that he heard a voice in the room, and looking up, he saw a little Child, and by the glory that surrounded it, he knew it was the Christ-Child. The Child fixed his eyes on the old man and said:

"Jesus is cold."

The miser bestirred himself a little and tried to kindle his fire to a brighter flame. But the Child remained at a distance and repeated:

"Jesus is cold; it is you who make me cold."

"Then," said the miser, "what can I do to warm you?"

"You must give me a golden coin," said the Child.

"Well," said the man, "there is the money chest. You can open it without the key."

"Yes," answered the Child, "I can open it. But you must give me the key."

So the old man tumbled about in his garment and at last gave up the key. But as the Christ-Child's hand touched the coin, the room changed. All became bright and cheerful; the fire suddenly blazed up on the hearth; and the Child began to busy Himself about the room.

First He hung up bits of holly and laurel, saying: "That is for *life*."

Then on the mantle He placed two candles, saying: "That is for *light*."

And he stirred the fire still higher, saying: "That is for *love*."

Then He opened the door and brought into the room a poor widow, and a rheumatic old man, and some orphan children and sat them down at the miser's table for a merry feast. And as they all sat down, the Child said:

"Jesus is warm now."

And the old man answered:

"O Lord, I think I am warmer too."

#### "HE WHO MADE US"

"I asked the earth," says St. Augustine in his *Confessions*, "and it said, 'I am not He,' and all things that are in the earth confessed the same.

"I asked the sea, the deeps and all creeping things, and they answered, 'We are not thy God, seek Him above us.'

"I asked the subtle air, and with all its inhabitants this air made answer, 'Anaximenes is deceived, I am not thy God.'

"I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, 'Neither are we,' said they, 'the God thou seekest.'

"And to all, they who stood before the portals of my soul, my senses five, I said, 'As to my God, you say you are not He; but tell me something of what He is.'

And with a mighty voice did they cry out, 'It is He who made us!'



# Pointed Paragraphs

## ADVENT PLEADINGS

Nothing so warms the heart with the spirit of approaching Christmas as the majestic prayers used by the Church in the Masses and Offices of Advent. In olden times Advent was more seriously observed than it is today; in some places it began as early as November 10th; it was kept by three strict fasts each week and by many extra services and prayers. Today, though we have not the strict observances, we still have the ancient prayers, which have echoed through the centuries the spirit of Advent.

Consider, for example, the beautiful Collects that are recited during the Masses preceding the feast of Christmas:

*"Stir up, O Lord, our hearts to make ready the ways of Thine only begotten Son, that by His coming we may be enabled to serve Thee in purity and innocence."*

*"Bend down Thine ear, O Lord, we beseech Thee, to our prayers, and enlighten the darkness of our minds by the grace of Thy visitation."*

*"O God, Who rejoicest us by the annual expectation of the festival of our Redemption, grant that as we joyfully welcome Thine only-begotten Son as our Redeemer, we may look upon Him with confidence when He appeareth as our judge."*

However, the most sublime expression of the spirit of Advent is to be found in the famous "O" antiphons, which are seven different prayers preceding the recitation of the Magnificat during vespers on the seven days immediately preceding Christmas. Although few lay Catholics are acquainted with the breviary, still these particular antiphons might well be made part of their daily prayers during Advent.

In the great abbeys of the Middle Ages, and in the Cathedral Churches where the daily office was chanted by groups of priests, the singing of the "O" antiphons was assigned to the higher Church dignitaries. In some places the custom arose by which the dignitary who sang the "O" antiphon on a given day, had afterwards to provide good cheer for the brethren who took part in the office, thus proving his sense of privilege and joy in the task.

The antiphons themselves are as follows:



*O Sapientia: O eternal wisdom, which proceedeth from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from to end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all things, come and teach us the way of understanding.*

*O Adonai: O Adonai, the Leader of the House of Israel! who appearedst to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gavest him the Law on Sinai; come and redeem us with outstretched arm.*

*O Radix: O root of Jesse! who standest as the ensign of the people; before whom Kings shall not open their lips; to whom the nations shall pray; come and deliver us, tarry now no more.*

*O Clavis: O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel, who openest and none shutteth, who shutteth and none openeth, come and bring forth the captive from the house of bondage who sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death.*

*O Oriens: O Orient, splendour of eternal light, and sun of justice, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.*

*O Rex: O King and desire of all nations and Chief Corner Stone, who makest two to be one; come Thou and save man, whom Thou hast formed from the clay.*

*O Emmanuel: O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations! Come and save us, O Lord our God!*

### PAPAL MISQUOTES

Recent issues of the daily papers have prominently displayed reports that (1) the Pope favored the bestowal of a mandate over Ethiopia upon Italy by the League of Nations, and (2) that the Pope had personally expressed his objections to the application of sanctions against Italy.

Both reports were unfounded. The first report was based on an article in *Civiltà Cattolica*, a magazine published by the Jesuit Fathers in Rome, which is indeed very authoritative, but which has never been directed by the Pope. The sentence on which the newspapers based their report that the Pope favored a mandate for Italy, was the following:

"The Pope prays for peace and does his utmost to procure, preserve and spread peace, and desires that with peace the hopes and exigencies and needs of a great and good people which is his people may be recognized, but with justice and peace." Then the *Civiltà Cattolica* adds, as its own opinion, the following: "If the League of Nations

judged a mandate for Ethiopia to be necessary to help her in the abolition of slavery and in the reorganization of her civil administration, it would be in accord with justice and prudence to entrust it to Italy, which has rights and conditions in its favor, such as the fact that up to now Italy has had no mandate, while other nations have had so many. So, not only a European conflict but colonial war itself would be avoided."

This expression of opinion was placed in the mouth of the Pope by the daily papers, and provides a warning once more for Catholics and others to withhold judgment in religious controversies when the only argument on either side is "what the papers say." The same kind of erroneous report was made concerning the sanctions, about which the Pope has in no way expressed himself. The words of a review were again placed on his lips.

#### **"AN ANCIENT MYTH"**

Much publicity was given recently to the establishment in New York of an institute whose purpose was said to be "to debunk the ancient myth" that all mothers are good mothers, and to set up a clinic for the training of mothers in the duties of their office.

It is strange how close some of these modern movements can come to a recognition of a fundamental truth pertaining to humanity, only to veer off on a tangent that makes them look ridiculous. No one has ever recognized more fully and sadly the fallacy of saying that all mothers are good mothers than the Catholic Church. But she recognizes that the failure of many mothers comes not only from lack of training and knowledge, but from the weakness of human wills radically affected by the fall of our first parents, unrestored and unfortified by the means which God has provided.

So the new prophets propose a course of training for every mother as a complete remedy for the situation. There is much that is good in the proposal. Mothers can afford to learn a little more than natural instinct teaches them about the training and care of children. But to say that such knowledge alone will make them good mothers is as logical as to say that knowledge of his country's geography will make a man a patriot.

All the knowledge in the world will not help a woman be a good mother if she has a heart that is filled with selfishness, greed, vanity, social ambition, materialism, and what not. There are women without

number who have read all the latest scientific treatises on child psychology and adolescent needs, etc. But as mothers many of them are dismal failures, as their stunted, neglected, characterless children daily prove.

On the other hand, there are many mothers in the world who have learned the art of motherhood only from the simple truths of divine faith and the example of the one perfect Mother whom God raised up as a model for all. To that knowledge and the instincts implanted by the Creator, they have added a willingness to perfect themselves, to sacrifice themselves, to spend themselves for the sake of their children. Such are the mothers whom the world admires. And though they are good mothers without much scientific training, they are also the only mothers who would benefit by whatever worthwhile training might be given.

Let modern movements recognize this truth and fit their proposed remedies to the need. So long as the cults of contraception and social prominence and worldly careers and undisturbed comfort and luxury continue to foster selfishness in mothers, such movements have a job on their hands whose full import they little know.

#### THE REASON FOR HUE AND CRY

"I am sick and tired of all this talk about Mexico. What is the use of it all? I can't understand how anything like that can go on. Let them do something, or else keep quiet about it."

These and like sentiments are heard over and over, even from those whose lips should never form them.

Why talk about Mexico?

Perhaps the concluding paragraph of Bishop Francis C. Kelley's book of revelations, *Blood-Drenched Altars*, will give us all a first class reason.

"Conditions in Mexico are not, then, alone a challenge to the Catholic Church. They do not constitute an exclusively Catholic problem. They are first and foremost a challenge to justice and the moral law of nature. They are, secondly, a challenge to all Christian civilization. When Catholics fight them they are not fighting only their own battle; they are fighting what all men of good will know in their hearts to be a battle for principles. If out of Mexico's misery the world learns that lesson, for the nonce the devil will unwillingly have been turned into a schoolmaster."

Or, perhaps, we are sick and tired of Christian civilization?

# ✠-----LIGUORIANA-----✠

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### *CHRIST'S LOVE IN THE INCARNATION*

The Prophet Ezekiel was right in saying that the time of Our Lord's coming on earth would be a time of lovers: "Behold, thy time was the time of lovers." And why indeed has God loved us so much, and given us so many signs of love, if not to be loved by us in return? "The only reason why God loves us," says St. Bernard, "is so that we may love Him in return." And God Himself had said the same thing long before: "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but that thou fear the Lord thy God, and love Him?"

In order to force us to love Him, He was unwilling to send anyone else on earth, but wished to come Himself to redeem us. St. John Chrysostom has a beautiful reflection on the words of St. Paul: "For nowhere doth He take hold of the angels; but of the seed of Abraham He taketh hold." Why, asks St. John Chrysostom, does not the Apostle simply say: "He assumed human nature?" Why does he use the word "take hold," which seems to imply a kind of violence? And he answers: because God desired to be loved by men: but men were cold and indifferent toward Him; so He came down on earth with a kind of sweet violence, and took human nature in such a way as to force men to pay attention to Him and love Him.

And this is why, in becoming man, He became a little child. He

could have appeared among us in the perfection of His manhood—as Adam came into the world from the hands of God. But no; the Son of God wished to appear as a lovely Babe, so that He might more quickly and more surely win our love. Little children naturally attract our love, if only we gaze upon them. And for this reason, says St. Francis de Sales, the Word of God became a little child; so as to win the love of all men. Another Saint says: if Our Lord had wanted to arouse fear and respect among men, He would have come as a perfect man, and in kingly splendor. But since He came on earth to win our love, He appeared in the form of a tiny child, and the poorest and most helpless of them all: born in a cold cave, between two animals; placed in a manger, and laid upon straw, without enough clothes, and without any fire, to warm Him.

Why then should sinners fear Him, as long as they wish to be sinners no longer? Our Lord has become a child, just to have us place greater trust in Him. Who is afraid to approach a child? Children do not inspire terror and anger, but tenderness and love. And children are not easily offended and angered; and if they are, it is so easy to appease them: give them a flower, or some little sweet; caress them, or say a kind word to them, and at once they forgive and forget every offence. And that is all we need for the Infant Jesus: one tear of sorrow; one sincere sigh of contrition from our heart, and He forgives all.

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## Book Reviews

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### GREETINGS

*My Christmas Gift to You.* By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 booklets with envelopes, \$1.00; 50 booklets, \$4.00; 100, \$7.00; 500, \$32.50.

Father Lord has written this 21 page booklet as a extended expression of Christian Christmas greetings to be used in place of ordinary Christmas cards. The cover is a handsomely gold-embossed image of Mother and Babe; the paper stock and type are rich and beautiful. A place for the name of the sender is on the fly-leaf; envelopes are furnished with the booklet. — *D. F. M.*

### INSTRUCTION

*Our Boys.* Talks to Boys and Young Men on Catholic Ethics. By Rev. Frederick A. Reuter. 284 pages. Price, \$2.00.

The book seems to have a double purpose: to aid those who are in charge of boys to deliver to them a message that will help them and to serve as reading for boys. Though this latter purpose has been suggested by some, I do not think the book will be popular in this way among boys although the rather disjointed quotations and "examples" might commend it.

Neither are they finished talks or sermons, ready to hand for the preacher or director of the boys' sodality.

But the work certainly is a rich treasure of thoughts, of examples, of illustrations and suggestions on a variety of topics, all vital for the director of Boyhood. For this I recommend the book highly and used thus it ought to fulfill Father Reuter's earnest wish: "If these talks are a means to set one boy right on the road to a noble Christian living, the author will consider himself amply repaid for the work."

Three points are stressed: self-denial, self-conquest, prayer. And rightly. These are the fighting qualities which, I believe, appeal to a boy. — *A. T. Z.*

*Catholic Faith.* A catechism based on the Catholic Catechism as drawn up by His Eminence Peter Cardinal Gasparri and edited under the supervision of the

Catholic University of America by Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D., Litt.D., and Sister M. Brendan, I.H.M., M.A. Vol. I. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Paper bound, retail, 25 cents; to schools, 20 cents. Cloth bound, retail, 40 cents; to schools, 35 cents.

The origin of this Catechism does much to commend it at the outset. The result of the efforts of a commission directly under the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, then rector of the Catholic University of America, and of the painstaking labor of Sister Brendan who has had wide experience with children, and of Father Kirsch, a professor of religious education at the Catholic University, it could hardly but be worthy of most serious consideration as a worthy text. Perusal of the work justifies one's expectations. Volume I is for children of the first three grades, and comes as close to reaching down to the mind of the child as anything we have seen. Yet it does not distort or dilute the doctrine. The publishers have made a special effort to make the book an attractive one, on the theory that cheap catechism books tend to lower the child's view of the importance of religion. The illustrations are really artistic and inspiring. We predict a wide use for this new catechism. — *D. F. M.*

### BIOGRAPHY

*Kateri Tekakwitha: The Lily of the Mohawks.* By John J. Wynne, S.J. A pamphlet of 64 pages. Published by the author, 226 East Fordham Road, New York.

This is the fourth printing of 5,000 copies of this story of the Indian girl whose canonization is under consideration. This itself tells a story. Father Wynne is in charge of the investigations in this country. He tells the story of this remarkable Indian girl briefly but interestingly and appends a series of letters recording favors granted through the intercession of the saintly Kateri Tekakwitha. American Catholics ought to know the story of this girl who may yet be the first native American Saint.

— *A. T. Z.*



## Catholic Events



### Persons:

*The Most Reverend Philip R. McDevitt*, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, died of pneumonia on Monday, November 11th. He had been a bishop for nearly 20 years, and was the first episcopal chairman of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, always displaying notable zeal for the Catholic Press.

*The Reverend Francis J. Haas, Ph.D.*, who has been director of the National Catholic School of Social Service in Washington, D. C., since 1931 and prominent as a government-appointed arbiter in many labor disputes, has been appointed Rector of St. Francis Seminary at Milwaukee, by the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch. Dr. Haas, who is a native of the Milwaukee diocese, succeeds the Most Reverend Aloisius J. Muench, recently installed as bishop of Fargo.

*The Reverend Samuel Mazzuchelli*, pioneer priest of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, was the subject of a commemorative celebration held at Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois, on November 4th. Father Mazzuchelli was the first priest assigned to the district now comprising Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, being sent there in 1835. He established many of the parishes in these states and designed their churches; he designed some of the outstanding public buildings; and founded the Dominican Sisterhood of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. He founded the first academy for young women in the middle west, under the care of the Dominican Sisters, which has since been removed to River Forest. The Universities of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois took part in the celebration at Rosary College, and Governor Horner of Illinois sent a message of appreciation of the great work done for both Church and State by Father Mazzuchelli.

*Theodore H. Dorsey*, a convert from Anglicanism and former aid of David Goldstein in his preaching tours of the country, has announced that he will undertake similar campaigns himself next summer. As companion of Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Dorsey has traversed 50,000 miles of the United States. He has the encouragement and support of Mr. Goldstein in starting a new unit for street preaching on Catholic doctrine through the country.

*Francis J. Lewis* of Chicago has donated \$100,000 for the erection of a Catholic Chapel at the new Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium of Chicago. He made the offer at a meeting of Mayor Kelly and the City Council and it was accepted. Mr. Lewis has also donated a Catholic Chapel to the Illinois club for Catholic women and in 1930 he gave the Lewis Memorial Maternity Hospital to the Archdiocese.

*Frank W. Stearns*, Boston merchant who was the political sponsor of Calvin Coolidge during his public career, has been received into the Catholic Church. He is 79 years old. Reared as a Congregationalist, he later became an Episcopalian. His father became a Catholic in 1911, two years after he had been ordained a minister in the Anglican Church.

*The Junior Crusade for Clean Reading* is an organization started by the *Catholic Boy*, a national youth magazine, published at St. Paul, and it will attempt to enlist every boy and girl between the ages of 10 and 18 by the signing of a

pledge in the coming weeks. The Junior Crusade will direct its attack against all magazines, books, and newspapers that are either immoral or that tend to glorify by their stories, etc., murderers, gangsters, underworld characters or the like. The Crusaders will promote positively the reading of Catholic newspapers, books and magazines. They will include in their condemnation and boycott advertisements and comic strips that fail against decency, as well as radio broadcasts of that nature. Methods used will be, first, lodging protests with publishers of corruptive matter, and, if this fails, actively working for cancellation of subscriptions of such publications.

*The National Association of Retail Druggists*, at their annual convention in Cincinnati, passed a resolution asking the cooperation of the Legion of Decency in its campaign against immoral magazines, which reads, as follows: "Whereas magazine publishers and distributors are in many instances guilty of acts detrimental to public morals and a great majority of them offend all sense of common decency and morality, therefore be it resolved, that the officers and executive committee of the National Association of Retail Druggists be instructed to enlist the kind officers of the Legion of Decency to curb their avariciousness and immorality."

*The Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs* recently went on record as rejecting the action of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America which sponsored birth control legislation. At their particular convention, the Minnesota Council of Catholic Women voiced their approval of the action taken by the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs.

*Dr. Max Westenhoefer*, non-Catholic professor of anthropology and pathology in Berlin, Germany, has published a book on "The Problem of Man's Creation," in which he deals a severe blow at evolutionistic theories by stating and proving that "it is absolutely useless to search for missing links between man and ape, because there simply are no such links." Other German scientists have recently gone on record as holding the same view, maintaining that an Infinite Being created the different types of creatures in the world as they are.

#### Places:

In *Buffalo, N. Y.*, a Catholic Evidence Guild has been formed with the approval of the Most Reverend Bishop William Turner, which will follow the plan of the Catholic Evidence Guilds of England, where Catholic laymen, having been prepared by a course of study, deliver lectures and addresses in public parks and other centers on Catholic doctrine. A group of over 30 laymen were inducted into the new Guild during November, all enthusiastic to campaign for Christ and the Church. This is the 14th Catholic Evidence Guild established in the United States.

At *Helena, Montana*, damage to Catholic buildings and institutions from the recent series of violent earthquakes, has caused a loss of over \$425,000. Carroll College, St. Joseph's Orphans' Home, St. John's Hospital, the House of Good Shepherd, St. Vincent's Hospital, and St. Mary's Church and Rectory all have been badly damaged.

At *Vatican City, Rome*, a world wide exhibit of the Catholic Press is to be shown in the summer of 1936. In the spacious rooms being prepared for the exhibit, the United States have been assigned to a central location, one more spacious than that of any other country. All Catholic papers, magazines and periodicals will be represented.



# Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Newrich insisted on bringing her visitor over to see Elayne (baptized as Ellen) playing golf. They stood at a safe distance while Elayne swung murderously at the little white ball on the first tee.

After five minutes, Mrs. Newrich turned to her guest, saying:

"I'm so sorry you weren't here Tuesday. She hit it Tuesday."

\*

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate at the races. The gate-keeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called:

"A dollar for the car."

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said:

"Sold."

\*

First Communist: "My meeting was a great success last night. They sent out two policemen to quell the rioting."

Second Communist: "Aha, mine was even better. They sent out a patrol wagon."

Third Communist: "But mine! That required a shotgun squad."

Other two: "Master!"

\*

There was an absent-minded professor who died of grief. It seems that when he hid his face in his hands he forgot where he put it.

\*

"Thish match won't light."

"Washa madda with it?"

"I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

\*

Sympathizer: "Poor little fellow! Where did that cruel boy hit you?"

Little Boy: "Boo, hoo! We were having a naval battle and he torpedoed me in the engine room."

\*

"I write a poem in ten minutes and think nothing of it."

"Probably everyone else thinks the same."

\*

"Shall we waltz?"

"It's all the same to me."

"Yes. I've noticed that."

Dr. Pullfast, a prominent dentist in the West, received a letter the other day from a man in the next county which said: "I've hearn tell of your skill as a dentust and I would like some of your teeth. As I am busy with my spring work I will give you the measurements. My mouth is three inches wide acrost, five-eighths of an inch threw the jaw and some hummocky on the edges. Jaw is shaped like a hoss-shew, with the toe forward. If you want me to be more particular I will have to come thar."

\*

Fishmouth: "Women are exactly like cats."

Shadbelly: "Wrong, old man. A woman can't run up a telephone pole and a cat can't run up a store bill."

\*

"When a woman keeps an engagement with me, I throw myself at her feet."

"Are you so grateful a lover?"

"No, I'm a chiropodist."

\*

"I traveled to Europe in the royal suite of the Majestic."

"Gosh, I bet you coughed up plenty."

"Yes, I was awful seasick."

\*

"I hear Jim had an accident."

"Yes, someone gave him a pet alligator, and told him it would eat off his hand."

"Well?"

"It did."

\*

A tree-toad loved a she-toad

That lived in a tree;

She was a three-toed tree-toad,

But a two-toed toad was he.

The two-toed tree-toad tried to win

The she-toad's friendly nod;

For the two-toed tree-toad loved the ground

That the three-toed tree-toad trod;

But vainly the two-toed tree-toad tried—

He couldn't please her whim;

In her tree-toad bower, with her V-toe power.

The she-toad vetoed him.

\*

Wife: "I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."

Hubby: "My dear, it wouldn't dare."







## **THE MISSION ANNUITY PLAN**

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\* \* \*

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# Motion Picture Guide

The following pictures are rated as morally unobjectionable:

The Affairs of Suzanne	The Healer	Page Miss Glory
A Thousand a Minute	Here Comes the Band	Paradise Canyon
Air Hawks	Here Comes Cookie	Personal Maid's Secret
Allas Mary Dow	Here's to Romance	Powder Smoke Range
Allibi Ike	High Gaucho	Pursuit
Alice Adams	His Night Out	Racing Luck
Annapolis Farewell	Honeymoon Limited	The Rain Makers
Annie Oakley	Hooray for Love	Red Blood of Courage
Atlantic Adventurer	Hoosier Schoolmaster	Red Heads on Parade
Baby Face Harrington	Hop Along Cassidy	Sanders of the River
Bad Boy	Hot Tip	Rendezvous
The Band Plays On	Human Adventure	Scrooge
Beauty's Daughter	I Live for Love	She Couldn't Take It
Big Broadcast of 1936	I'll Love You Always	She Gets Her Man
The Bishop Misbehaves	In Old Kentucky	Shipmates Forever
Bonnie Scotland	In Person	Silk Hat Kid
Bright Lights	The Irish in Us	So Red the Rose
Broadway Gondolier	Ivory Handled Guns	The Spanish Cape Mystery
Broadway Melody of 1936	Laddie	Special Agent
Call of the Wild	The Lady in Scarlet	Spring Tonic
Calm Yourself	Lady Tubbs	Stars Over Broadway
Cappy Ricks Returns	Last Days of Pompeii	Steamboat Round the Bend
The Case of Missing Man	The Last Outpost	Stormy
Charlie Chan in Egypt	Law Beyond the Range	Storm Over the Andes
Charlie Chan's Secret	Lawless Range	Swell Head
Chasing Yesterday	Legend of William Tell	Sweepstake Annie
Cheers of the Crowd	Les Miserables	Thanks a Million
Chinatown Squad	Little America	The 39 Steps
College Scandal	Love in Bloom	Three Kids and a Queen
Confidential	Love Me Forever	Three Musketeers
Crusades	The Man from Gun Town	The Throwback
Curly Top	The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Thunder Mountain
Danger Ahead	Manhattan Moon	To Beat the Band
Danger Trail	Maria Chapdelaine	Together We Live
Dawn Rider	Men of the Hour	Top Hat
Death From a Distance	Metropolitan	Transatlantic Tunnel
Dinky	Mid-Summer Night's Dream	Two for Tonight
Doubling Thomas	Millionaire Cowboy	Under the Pampas Moon
Eagles Brood	Moonlight on the Prairie	The Unknown Woman
Eight Bells	Mr. Dynamite	Unwanted Stranger
Every Night at Eight	Murder in the Fleet	Vanishing Riders
Fighting Youth	Music in Magic	Virginia Judge
The Gay Deception	Mutiny on the Bounty	Wanderer of the Waste-land
Front Page Woman	The Night Is Young	Warfare
Freckles	Oil for the Lamps of China	Welcome Home
Ginger	Old Man Rhythm	Western Courage
The Girl Friend	Once in a Blue Moon	Western Frontier
Guard That Girl	O'Shaughnessy's Boy	Westward Ho!
Gun Fire	Our Little Girl	What Price Crime
Gun Play		Wings Over Ethiopia
Hard Rock Harrington		
Harmony Lane		

